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THE Nation

June 20, 1953
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Frederick L. Schuman

Coming End of the Cold War

Perl: Guilty of What? *Eugene Daniel*

Threat to the T. V. A.'S *Bruce Catton*

He Stuck to His Street *Willard Thorp*
A Review of Sherwood Anderson's "Letters"

EVERY WEEK SINCE 1865

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Letters

Catholics and the Fifth Amendment

Dear Sirs: If McCarthy, Jenner, Velde, Jackson, and their kind have the idea that the Fifth Amendment benefits only alleged Communists, they are mistaken. When James Madison wrote the Fifth Amendment more than 160 years ago, there were plenty of Catholics. It was the priests, ministers, and citizens of differing politics who demanded the protection of English common law: "No person shall be compelled to bear witness against himself."

Today, if I as a Catholic were summoned to a hearing in an anti-Catholic area and asked whether I was a Catholic, I would refuse to answer, since the question pries into my right to belief and conscience, and primarily since it could subject me to persecution and prosecution.

Lest we forget, whenever any group of dissidents has been persecuted, we Catholics have never been overlooked.

Let's face it, the Fifth Amendment is for the Protestant as well as the Catholic, for the anti-Communist as well as the Communist, for the Republican as well as the Prohibitionist. In my book, it is basic horse sense that I must recognize the right of anyone and everyone to use the Fifth Amendment, without penalty or stigma, for if I do not, I open the door to the destruction of my own rights —and that is against the law of God and man.

Hollywood, Cal. JOHN HEALY

Hangman's Noose

Dear Sirs: The world of the idiot boy is taking shape under the whip lash of the phony Paul Revere McCarthy. Some day when he is smiling in his coffin I hope that a bright lantern is hung in the belfry so that the dumb-driven cattle can see the biggest and foulest blotch on American history. While McCarthy is leading the chase of Communists he is letting the fascist wolves and America Firsters get away.

I hate tyranny in any form, whether it be communism, capitalism, fascism, or McCarthyism. All of them are swinging the hangman's noose over the heads of free men. Unless free men wake up and fight back they will die and be buried in the shallow graves of suspicion and doubt. "Those who won our independence believed that the final end of the state was to make men free to develop their faculties. They believed that freedom to think as you will and to speak as you think are means indispensable to the discovery and spread of political truth," said Justice Louis D. Brandeis.

Here in Texas the state legislature is busy drafting a law that would stamp the words "written by Communists" on every book that did not agree with the Texas ideas of freedom and free speech. It seems strange indeed that the lawmakers should be so concerned over what people read, while they ignore the vital necessity of passing other laws.

Houston, Tex. BILL STALNAKER

Disheartening Essays

Dear Sirs: This is a rather delayed reaction to the articles headed Six Young Authors in Search in your issue of May 2. They formed one of the most disheartening series of essays on literature that I have ever read. The most unfortunate one, of course, was the one by James Jones, who shows little knowledge of the Elizabethan Age. But he knows so little of so many things. He just thinks, guesses, supposes, and hopes. His knowledge of "neurosis" seems extremely slight. In his own words, he has yet to grow up.

Jefferson Young says we must always be aware that God is love and the birdies sing. That's nice, but it's a *real* world that we live in. The convictions of Maude Hutchins, if widely adopted, would be terrifying if not sterilizing. She is content to stay on the sidelines and look at life passing by. At least I get that impression from her essay. She seems to advocate total non-commitment. "Unimportant as subject matter is," she reluctantly admits, "there has to be one."

I find little substance in the remaining essays and too much rhetoric, particularly in Leonard Bishop's. Styron's was a terrific letdown from what one might expect of a man with his abilities. John Griffin points out that writers have been withdrawing from the life scene but rationalizes this movement.

As for my opinion on the state of writing today, may I refer to an essay by Albert J. Guérard in Volume III of "New World Writing"? The essay is entitled The Ivory Tower and the Dust Bowl. Mr. Guérard says: ". . . it seems clear enough that some of the best American novelists, young and old, decline to write realistic novels about the public crises of our time." And he adds later in the article: "The *malaise* is seldom expressed frankly, however. It is more common to say that the novelist is failing in his responsibility to the modern world. Withdrawn to some private world of guilt or fantasy, he fails to document contemporary society."

New York BERNARD LANDIS

Books for Israel

Dear Sirs: Israel's schools and libraries are drastically short of books in English that are needed for the technical and intellectual advancement of its youth. In an attempt to remedy this deficiency "Books for Israel" has undertaken to collect as a gift to Israel from the American people volumes published since 1940 on technical and scientific subjects, as well as on American history and civilization, art, economics, education, law, philosophy, political science, psychology, and sociology. American literary classics will also be welcome. Books should be in good condition.

Readers of *The Nation* are asked to help in this important "good neighbor" enterprise. Parcels should be marked "book rate"—mailing charges are 8 cents for the first pound and 4 cents for each additional pound mailed from anywhere in the United States—and addressed to Books for Israel, 115 King Street, New York 1, N. Y. Inquiries should be addressed to us at Suite 1814, 250 West 57th Street, New York 19.

VITA KAUFMAN, Secretary

New York

X-Rays vs. Smoking

Dear Sirs: A college professor once told us that members of all the college departments used the swimming pool except the bacteriologists. They were specialists and knew the dangers. Similarly, Alton Ochsner shows in his article on Smoking and Lung Cancer [May 23] that he is a specialist. In his conclusion he suggests that heavy smokers should have chest X-rays at least every six months and preferably every three months. The use of X-rays has so increased that an X-ray specialist might be more afraid of the damage from their continued use than Dr. Ochsner is of the damage from smoking.

HERBERT POMERANCE

Oak Ridge, Tenn.

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THE Nation
EVERY WEEK SINCE 1865

EDITORIALS

The Shape of Things

Embarrassment of Deeds

We asked for deeds and now we are getting them. Not necessarily the ones we wanted, but deeds just the same; and they are creating a problem in Washington. For those the Russians have performed in the past few weeks have been either desirable in themselves or at least reasonable, and well calculated to confuse further a foreign policy already heading in several directions at once; also to beguile our allies and reduce the pressures for cold-war and pro-American policies (*vide* Italy).

A quick report of the variegated deeds so far chalked up may help make the point: Most immediately important, the concessions on prisoners of war which made possible the truce settlement in Korea. The freeing of William Oatis. The soft-pedaling of the Hate-America campaign in the Soviet Union and among the satellites. Moscow's agreement to grant exit visas to the Russian wives of two American citizens and the daughters of an American woman divorced from a Russian. The easing of news and travel restrictions in Russia and between Russia and the rest of the world. The wide amnesty for prisoners in the Soviet Union. Moscow's improved relations and the agreement to exchange ambassadors with Yugoslavia. Communist overtures to Socialist and labor organizations in the West, suggesting a revival of "popular frontism." Successful Russian attempts to step up cross-curtain trade with the West; trade agreements negotiated with Argentina, Iran, France, Japan, and others. Moscow's offer to recognize Turkish control over Kars and Ardahan, in exchange for support of the Russian request for an international meeting to revise the Montreux Convention of 1936 governing the Dardanelles. Soviet rejection of renewed meetings of the Four Power Deputy Foreign Ministers on the Austrian treaty, quickly followed by many conciliatory moves toward Austria itself.

Do We Want to Bargain?

Without question, the most consequential of all Moscow's latest "deeds" has been the drastic revamping of its policy in East Germany. Following the removal of General Chuikov and his succession by a civilian High Commissioner, Vladimir Semyenov, a whole series of measures has been put through reducing, in some cases almost abandoning, the collective controls over farming and industry and many of the restrictions on religious and educational freedom and on movements both ways across the West German frontier. Most significant and startling of all is the reduction of the East Germany security police force (*i. e.*, army).

Were it not for the self-defeating cross purposes in the State Department and White House, Washington could with magnificent propaganda effect take credit for the sweeping shift in Russian policy. They could claim that we forced Moscow to make one concession after another, even winning an official acknowledgement of mistakes made in Germany. Instead scarcely a note of satisfaction has seeped out of Washington. The official statements—echoed in the press—treat the whole business as a nefarious scheme to lure the West into lowering its defenses and weakening its alliance.

Certainly it looks as if Moscow wants to produce both those effects. But is that so alarming? To call off your own tough and provocative behavior in order to get the enemy to call off his preparations to fight would seem a legitimate way at arriving at a point where you could deal with him; if you want a deal, that is. Signs multiply that Moscow does want a deal and that Washington does not.

Who Sentenced the Rosenbergs?

The Nation, which several times has raised its voice in behalf of clemency for the Rosenbergs, again urged it in a telegram to the President early this week. As these lines are written, their final hour is drawing near. What useful purpose do their deaths serve? If they have been spies, do we fear—if we let them live—that they will continue to spy from their prison cells? Does anyone think that their deaths will deter espionage agents anywhere who habitually live with death? If the British permitted Fuchs to live—the scientist who had infinitely greater capacity for espionage than ever the Rosenbergs displayed—what is it that impels us to the utmost savage reprisal?

We wonder whether future historians will say that it was not the courts but McCarthyism which sentenced the Rosenbergs to death. Judges and juries both are inevitably products of their times. "No human justice is exempt from error," *Le Monde* of Paris wrote recently of the case. "The Americans know it, but their natural opti-

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mism supports their unshakeable faith in their institutions. It is perhaps this confidence which prevented their press from reacting to the Rosenberg case. But this disconcerting silence may have another explanation in the political climate of the trial. The fear of being accused of pro-Communist sympathy by some McCarthy has become stronger than the fear of communism itself. . . ."

We can only hope that through some last-minute reprieve, the Rosenbergs will still be alive when these lines are read.

Prizes for Courage

Like most things courage is more valuable when it is relatively scarce. At a time like the present it is particularly worth searching out and honoring it. That is what the Sidney Hillman Foundation did in making its annual awards for 1952. Three prizes went to North Carolina newspapermen for their effective work in uncovering Ku Klux Klan activities in the state. The winners were Jay Jenkins of the Raleigh *News and Observer,* Willard Cole of the Whiteville *News Reporter,* and W. Horace Carter of the Tabor City *Tribune.* Each spoke, modestly and well, at the luncheon last week at the Biltmore Hotel in New York where the awards were given, but it was left to the chief speaker, Jonathan Daniels, editor of the *News and Observer,* to point out how much easier it is to fight the Klan from a comfortable distance than right at home where your next door neighbor and the storekeeper down the street may be Klansmen. He added, however, that the Klan spirit is close to us all "whether it operates in the Klavern or in the Senate."

Winners of other prizes were Irving Fagan of the Labor Press Associated who received the Charles W. Ervin Award in labor journalism for his writing, particularly in the field of civil liberties, and Herbert Block (Herblock) whose magnificent cartoons in the Washington *Post* have become famous—and been freely reproduced—throughout the country.

The Christmas Tie Club

Henry W. Grunewald, the not-so-mysterious "Dutchman" of the Washington tax scandals, was indicted some time back on thirty-one contempt of Congress counts after he had refused to give a committee so much as his full name, not to mention details of his notably profitable bipartisan lobbying activities. Coming up for sentence on March 17, he was ordered by Judge Alexander Holtzoff to reappear before the committee, and the matter of passing sentence was deferred. The headlines, of course, created the impression that Grunewald had experienced a change of heart and intended to purge the contempt. But while he did give some additional information, the committee reported back to the judge that the witness was still evasive. Once again sentence was deferred, this time on

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the plea that Grunewald was suffering from a heart ailment. The headlines now read: "Jailing of Grunewald Depends on Health." But the medical report suggested that a jail sentence might have "a salutary effect on his heart and vascular disease." Undaunted, Judge Holtzoff then came up with the ingenious theory that Grunewald was entitled to leniency because he had relied upon "advice of counsel" in exhibiting an attitude of "sheer defiance"—the phrase is the judge's—to the committee. Accordingly Grunewald was fined $1,000, given a ninety-day jail sentence (suspended), and placed on one year's probation.

We are neither shocked nor surprised at the news which has just come to light that Judge Holtzoff belonged to the "Christmas Tie Club" of judges and other Washington officials who received handpainted neckties from the "Dutchman" every yuletide; in our book men who wear handpainted ties are likely to accept gratuities or worse. We merely note that political offenders have drawn sentences ranging from six months to one year (the maximum) in jail for their refusal to answer questions before Congressional committees. But then, of course, they never gave away handpainted ties.

Books Are for Burning

While Maury Maverick, Jr., is trying to put out a book fire in Texas's capital (see page 525), his distinguished father, the former Congressman, is busy at the same job in San Antonio. The San Antonio affair has what a few years ago might have been termed comic overtones. Mrs. Myrtle G. Hance, organizer of the San Antonio Minute Women, began things by scanning the city's library shelves and listing all books by authors who had been named in Congressional-committee hearings as Communists or as members of alleged subversive organizations. Her list included some 600 titles, among them Einstein's "Theory of Relativity," Thomas Mann's "Joseph in Egypt," Louis Untermeyer's "Treasury of American and British Poetry," and Dorothy Canfield Fisher's "Fables for Parents." Also included was "The Canterbury Tales" because it was illustrated by Rockwell Kent.

Armed with this invaluable list Mayor Jack White, whose wife—according to the New York *Times*—is a member of the Minute Women, suggested that the City Council "consider branding all Communist-written volumes in the library as such." But the then Acting City Manager, Wylie Johnson, thought branding wasn't good enough and demanded that the books be burned, presumably with their authors.

The city's fifteen-man Library Board vigorously protested this cultural blood-thirstiness, and is being supported by an organization called the American Activities Committee headed by ex-Congressman Maverick and Mrs. Marie Sien Halfpenny, a writer. To date the books are still on the library shelves, unbranded and unburned.

After the Truce

OF GROWING importance is the United States attitude toward the agenda of the political conference to begin within ninety days after the Korean armistice is signed. Will the Eisenhower Administration insist on confining that conference to Korean questions? Or will it agree that it shall cover major Far Eastern problems like seating Communist China in the United Nations, the future of Formosa, and Indo-China's fate? The choice arose in February, 1952, during the armistice talks. The United Nations and the Communists then agreed that the political discussions should deal with withdrawal of foreign troops from Korea, a settlement of the Korean question, "et cetera." To the Communists that little "et cetera" was a big word. It might turn the post-armistice meeting into historic negotiations for a Far Eastern accommodation. But the United States lodged a reservation declaring that "et cetera" should not be construed as applying to questions outside Korea.

So the Truman Administration decided to limit the political conference entirely to Korean issues.

After the new management moved into the White House, there were signs suggesting that the Eisenhower-Dulles team was willing to enlarge the future conference's scope to encompass more sweeping Asian problems. A fortnight after his inauguration, in his State of the Union message, President Eisenhower said of the Korean war:

> It is clearly a part of the same calculated assault that the aggressor is simultaneously pressing in Indo-China and in Malaya and of the strategic situation that embraces the island of Formosa and the Chinese Nationalist forces there. The working out of any military solution to the Korean war will inevitably affect all those areas.

These words implied a belief that a Korean settlement was feasible only within the larger framework of a conference dealing with Indo-China, Malaya, and Formosa.

The same topic arose at Dulles' famed April 6 dinner with eighteen journalists in a private room at a Washington hotel. There the Secretary of State also hinted that the United States would not insist on limiting the coming political conference to Korean affairs. But in the past few days apparently frightened of its own courage, the State Department has retreated to the Truman-Acheson position. Dulles intends to demand that the political conference, which the Panmunjom truce makes mandatory, shall confine itself to Korean questions. The reason given has an air of plausibility until it is more closely inspected.

The State Department argues that a conference on Korea and a conference on broader East Asian affairs would call for two different groups of participants. The

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former would discuss removal of foreign troops from Korea and free elections, presumably under U. N. supervision, with a view to choosing a parliament and government for a unified Korea. The conferees would probably consist of a selected panel of Korean war belligerents. But if there were also to be a conference on general Far Eastern problems, the Administration now says, a number of other nations with a legitimate interest in those problems would be entitled to sit at the table. Supposing the seating of Red China at the United Nations, the disposition of Formosa, an Indo-China settlement, and Malaya were to be on the agenda. Then Dulles would expect the roster of participants to be extended to Japan, Nationalist China, the three associated states of Indo-China, India, Pakistan, Burma, the Philippines, Indonesia, and perhaps Ceylon, none of which would attend negotiations restricted to Korea.

In the context of that argument, what is the Eisenhower formula? Though not yet finally decided, it promises to be this: that there shall first be a conference exclusively on Korean problems. *Provided this proves fruitful,* the United States would consent to a second, larger conference on major outstanding Asian questions. And herein lies the joker.

Under the Eisenhower formula, the most significant subject to be discussed at the political conference will be Korea's unification. Fulfilment of that aim has eluded the world since 1946. Is it any more likely to be achieved today? While the United Nations and the Communists both want a unified Korea, their respective recipes are obviously incompatible. The United Nations will never acquiesce in a Korea unified under Communist rule; on the other hand the Chinese and Russians will never accept a single Korea under American tutelage.

SO THIS political conference, with Korea's unification at the end of the rainbow, could continue into infinity. To make a fruitful result of such a negotiation the condition for holding another conference on broader Asian problems would be to adjourn sine die the opening of that second conference. Peking and Moscow would be justified in flinging back at the United Nations the demand its negotiators have made so often in connection with repatriation of war prisoners. "There must be a cut-off date at the political conference on Korea," the Reds could insist. "After that, the meeting on broader Asian problems would start."

The truth is that the Eisenhower Administration wants at almost any price to avoid a general Far Eastern conference, just as it is trying to avert a Big Four meeting with the Russians after Bermuda. In either case some of our allies would be pulling Uncle Sam's beard in one direction while Congress would be tugging his coattails in the other. India, Indonesia, and Burma, with considerable support from Britain and elsewhere, would favor drawing Communist China into the United Nations. Yet the thought of moving that way gives Eisenhower, Dulles, & Co. nightmarish fears of Congressional retribution. Is it necessary for the Administration to be quite that allergic to Congress?

President Eisenhower's horse-trade with nine reactionary G. O. P. Senators and Congressmen the other day was a memorable illustration of how not to conduct foreign policy. Senator Styles Bridges, the New Hampshire Republican, led the group that tacked a rider to an appropriations bill. The rider would have cut off United States financial support for the United Nations if Communist China were admitted.

INSTEAD OF denouncing the action as an outrageous blackmail stunt, Mr. Eisenhower made a deal with its authors. They abandoned the rider. In return, the President gave three pledges to these G. O. P. diehards:

1. He promised his Administration would resist Communist China's entry into the U. N.
2. He assured them the United States would lead the opposition to the Peking government's admission.
3. He gave his word that he would explore the possibility of using the veto in the Security Council to keep Red China out.

He thereby committed himself to a course the wisdom of which Britain, India, and perhaps a majority of the United Nations are ready to challenge. He deprived the United States of a valuable asset in future negotiations with Communist China and the Soviet Union. He accentuated what is probably the most damaging difference between America and its allies.

Is President Eisenhower's position so weak that he had to bend his knee to the old stuffies of his party? On a more recent occasion, he showed more strength—and won. Almost overnight Senator Knowland, old-time pal of Chiang Kai-shek, changed from a staunch opponent of the Korean truce to one of its outspoken supporters. There are reports from California that Knowland's price for this switch included a promise of the Senate leadership to succeed Taft and complete control of California's patronage, edging out Vice-President Nixon and Lieutenant-Governor Knight. If these reports are true, Eisenhower paid in small domestic coin to win support for major international policy.

There is no need for Mr. Eisenhower to continue to cringe before the old guard. He could still countermand the move to limit the agenda of the coming political conference. After all, as late as April 23, the President declared at a press conference that there can be no real peace in Korea that ignores the broader problems in Asia.

[*The concluding editorial of our series on The Present Danger will appear next week.*—EDITORS THE NATION.]

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J. Alvarez del Vayo

Not So Neo-Fascist

Rome

AMERICAN foreign policy—at least what is known of it in Italy—has received a smashing defeat at the polls here. Despite Washington's overt support, the $1,500,000,000 in American aid which has poured into this country since 1948, the "good advice" received by Italian voters from letter-writing friends and relatives in America, and the intervention of Madam Ambassador Luce, Premier de Gasperi's center coalition dropped in popular vote from 63 per cent in 1948 to 49.8 per cent. So slim is De Gasperi's majority in the new Parliament that a handful of defections or absences could endanger Italian support for such American-favored projects as the European army, European integration, and the Atlantic Pact.

What the center lost, the wings—both right and left—gained. De Gasperi's coalition lost a total of 67 seats in the Chamber of Deputies. The Communists and Nenni Socialists gained 25 seats between them, the Monarchists increased their seats by 26, and the neo-Fascist Italian Social Movement (M. S. I.), by 23. While the Communists and left-wing Socialists remain the government's chief opposition with 37 per cent of the seats, the extreme right emerges as the fastest growing segment of the Italian voting population.

The election campaign was of extraordinary interest. Some may have thought that the new electoral law would rob the vote in advance of any excitement; in the end, because of De Gasperi's failure to garner a majority of the popular vote, it availed its authors nothing. Possibly the Prime Minister foresaw this danger. In spite of the fact that he is ten years older than President Eisenhower he conducted a most strenuous campaign; in three weeks he appeared at all the important meetings from the Trentino to Sicily and delivered more than fifty speeches.

He knew that this time his battle was a different and more complicated one than in previous elections. I am not now referring to various American blunders, such as Ambassador Luce's speech at Milan serving notice that there would be no more American aid if Italy swung right or left or the more serious effect of the statement attributed to Frederick Crawford, Mr. Stassen's assistant, before the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, that Italy required no further economic aid except offshore procurement orders and that its "troubles . . . may be summed up as coming from government ownership, monopoly, corruption, and a bad tax system." Of course right and left made good use of both incidents against De Gasperi.

BUT THE CAUSE of the government's major difficulties in the campaign was more profound. The elections were a mirror of the problems that face the Atlantic coalition today all over Europe. In previous elections De Gasperi and his allies had a strong argument with which to rally support: the specter of a Russian general assault against Europe, helped by the Communist Party in each country. In 1948 the headlines alone made propaganda for the Christian Democrats: the press was filled with the Berlin blockade, rumors of Russian troop movements against Yugoslavia, the Prague coup, all the other supposed symptoms of coming Soviet aggression. By contrast the headlines on the eve of last Sunday's elections were "Commonwealth Prime Ministers Support Churchill's Plan for a Big Four Conference"; "Truce in Korea Seems Imminent"; "New Trade Agreements Between East and West." Even less than in France, if that is possible, does one find here any apprehension of Russian attack—either tomorrow or in a more remote future. Thus one of De Gasperi's most effective electoral weapons had lost its edge. Togliatti ended the campaign of the Communists by playing up in his last speech in Rome, on June 5, the "guerra alla miseria," but in the main the leftists—as did De Gasperi—made foreign policy the principal issue.

But if the centrists had been deprived of their old weapons against the left, it was also harder this time for them to fight the right. Since the last general elections fascism has been made almost respectable by certain actions and words of Western leadership. Former Fascists have been embraced. The Italian neo-Fascists capitalized, for instance, on the friendliness shown to Franco by Washington. The fight against fascism has been ridiculed by those, some of them liberals, who are convinced that there is only one problem—to smash the Communists and Russia. So it is no wonder that in the land of fascism's birth the right as a whole is reviving. The fact is the Italian right offers many nuances; there are evident differences of approach, for instance, between the Monarchists, who have no enthusiasm for the excessive state interference of the days of Il Duce, and the neo-Fascists, some of whose groups in the north, the seat of the "Republic of Salò" which Mussolini set up in the last months of the war, are pretty wild.

The National Monarchist Party, generously financed by M. Lauro, a prosperous shipowner from Naples, carried on an energetic campaign in the central and southern provinces of Italy, where among certain classes a sentimental nostalgia for the monarchy still exists. The neo-Fascists had the advantage of an aggressive leader in De Marsanich, surrounded by men of considerable Fascist audacity, such as Almirante, Roberti, Mieville, Michelini, and Formichetta. They played whatever tune the audience wanted to hear: where it was popular, they discreetly evoked the memory of Mussolini; where it was better to appear quite "neo" they presented themselves as free and clear of any damaging political heritage. But behind them are the old stalwarts of the party, the most famous being Marshal Graziani and Prince Valeno Borghese, who exploit their wartime records.

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COLD WAR'S END

Time for Diplomacy . . *by Frederick L. Schuman*

HALF a dozen years ago an American diplomat, who shall here remain nameless, opened a round-table discussion at the National War College with the comment: "The problem we face is old. Russian troops have been in Central Europe before. They have always had to be driven out. They are there again. They have to be driven out." A historian interrupted: "Mr. Chairman, *when* have Russian troops ever been driven out of Central Europe? They have been there many times—ever since the Russians first took Berlin in 1760. But they have never been driven out. They have always withdrawn by agreement among the powers." The Chairman could think of no instance. "Well . . . but the problem is still the same." Obviously, it is not. Diplomacy and war are quite different procedures for accomplishing political objectives. Americans in 1953 must relearn the uses of diplomacy—or fail utterly to meet their responsibilities.

Sir Henry Wotton's definition of an ambassador as "an honest man sent to lie abroad for the good of his country" mirrors the current evaluation of the diplomatic art more accurately than the wiser words of Edmund Burke: "All government, indeed every human benefit and enjoyment, every virtue and every prudent act, is founded on compromise and barter." Horse-trading is a Yankee tradition. Yet America's emergence as leader of the free world has coincided, incongruously, with a debasement of the diplomatic function to the lowest point it has ever occupied in public esteem.

Problems of power among sovereignties can be dealt with only by fighting or by bargaining. The problems we face will not be fought over, for reasons to be suggested presently. They must therefore be bargained over. Bargaining is of the essence of the ancient and once honorable science of negotiation, which many Americans now view with contempt and suspicion.

On the eve of the tripartite conference in Bermuda, and for months and years beyond, Americans are challenged to reassess their distrust of diplomacy and to revive their skills at barter. The paradox of the Great Republic, summoned to negotiate and paralyzed by fear of all negotiation, must be resolved. For in this case at least Spengler's dictum is valid: "We have not the freedom to reach to this or to that but the freedom to do the necessary or to do nothing. And a task that historic necessity has set *will* be accomplished—with the individual or against him."

WHAT CAN safely be bargained about? Churchill recently asserted that he did not believe that "the most serious problem of combining the security of Russia with the freedom and security of Western Europe is insoluble." If not, how? Said Sir Winston, June 5, 1946: "It is better to have a world united than a world divided; but it is also better to have a world divided than a world destroyed." And on January 23, 1948: "The best chance of preventing war is to bring matters to a head and come to a settlement with the Soviet government before it is too late. . . . The best chance is, by formal diplomatic processes with all their privacy and gravity, to arrive at a lasting settlement." The time is now. Bermuda will be followed by other parleys and by a settlement. On what terms? These crucial questions admit of no simple answers. But something relevant may be said as to a method of finding answers.

Our skepticism at the uses of negotiation—in no way mitigated by the pleas of George F. Kennan, Hans J. Morgenthau, James P. Warburg, D. F. Fleming, and other lonely voices—has been paralleled, until recently, by the Byzantine obstructionism of Stalinist diplomacy. Washington and Moscow alike have long regarded diplomacy as a trap. The source of doubt is the agony produced by the "diplomacy" of the 1930's and the analogue which holds that world politics in the 1950's is comparable to the 1930's. Democrats and Communists alike successively "appeased" fascists on the assumption that, at best, the problems of power posed by fascism could be resolved by compromise or that, at worst, the fascist Caesars would attack the "other" side and leave "our" side in peace.

The assumption was tragic. Fascism, once in power in Rome, Berlin, and Tokyo, confronted both Freeland and Marxland with an irreconcilable conflict, leaving no choice but to crush fascism by force or to be crushed by fascist force. The mad "diplomacy" of 1931-41 destroyed the world balance of power and gave the Caesars an apparent preponderance which they used to essay the conquest of the globe. In the frustration of the enterprise twenty million human beings died by violence. The survivors concluded, understandably but wrongly, that all diplomacy is "appeasement," that all appeasement is fatal, and that the new problems of power between democracy and communism again confront us with an irreconcilable conflict. This logic, if persisted in, would have led to World War III, waged as an atomic "holy war" of mass extermination, with no victors and no end save a peace of exhaustion among demented refugees.

Happily, the analogy is false. No such prospect is even remotely probable. Democratic and Communist power holders in great states have achieved a modus vivendi in the same world for thirty-six years, however reluctantly, and have cooperated for common purposes more often than they have indulged in efforts at mutual annihilation. What is far more decisive is the circumstance that Marxland and Freeland, thanks to Western

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rearmament, Russian industrialization, and the Chinese revolution, have achieved a global equilibrium and stalemate, which is the macrocosm of the military deadlock in Korea.

Neither antagonist enjoys clear military superiority over the other. Neither can devise any plausible strategy of victory in World War III. Policy-makers of great powers, even if mad or criminal, never risk total war if they are unable to persuade themselves that victory is possible. Now and in all the years ahead policy-makers in Washington and in Moscow, whether sober with responsibility or drunk with power, cannot entertain any such illusion. Since no victory can be won by fighting, bargaining for a "settlement" is inevitable.

THE SOURCE of "peace" in the cold war supplies the test of diplomacy in the negotiations to come. We have an absence of global and total hostilities for one reason only—an equipoise of fighting capacity between the two coalitions so contrived, with no one wishing it so, that no power holders in either bloc can afford to gamble on victory in the event of ordeal by violence. Therefore, over and again, each side has recoiled from making demands on the other, supported by threats of force, for components of power which the other would be obliged to resist by force. Korea is no exception, since the Truman Administration in January, 1950, led the world to believe that America would not defend Korea. By all present prospects this global stalemate will persist indefinitely, with neither side capable of attaining a credible margin of superiority.

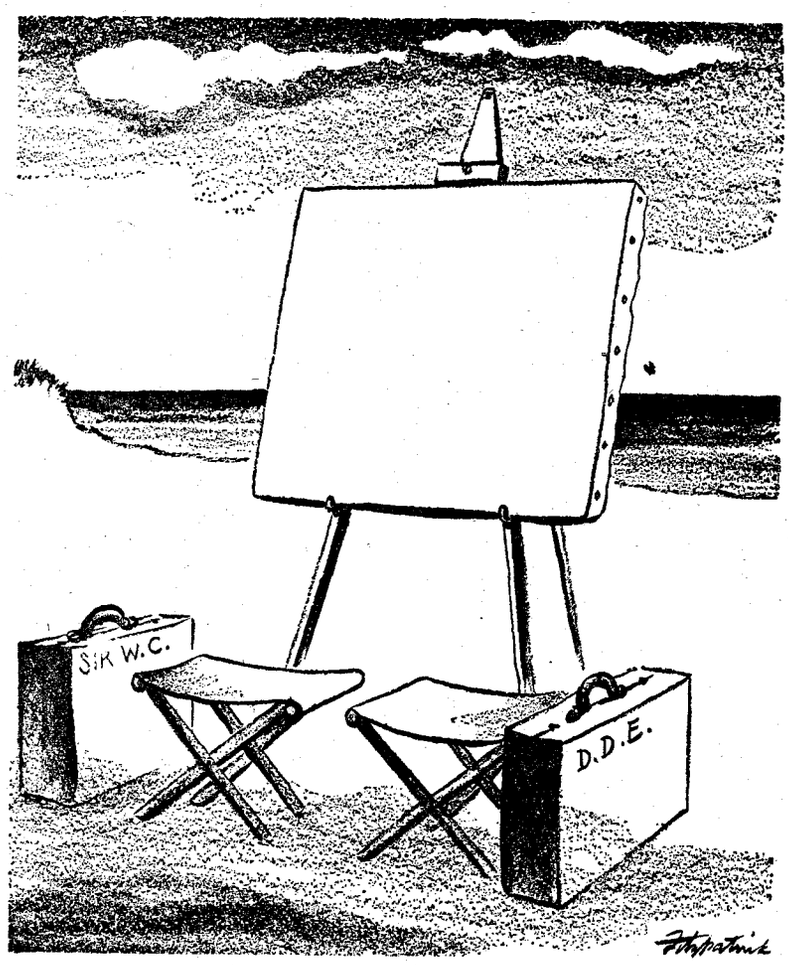
If the balance is the source of peace, then the maintenance of the balance must be the basis of a settlement which will make "peace" a human reality and not merely a propaganda slogan. All viable bargains among diplomats must rest upon the facts of power. The current facts are such that we cannot "liberate" Eastern Europeans or Russians or Chinese from the slavery of communism, and Communists cannot emancipate Western Europeans or Africans or Americans from the thraldom of "capitalism," save at a cost equivalent to the suicide of civilization. We and they are thus obliged to accept the present distribution of world power between East and West.

These considerations imply distasteful consequences. One is the obvious truism that governments do not negotiate about their own survival. Another is that it is necessary to recognize governments in order to negotiate with them. London and Washington will be divided at Bermuda over recognition of Red China and its admission to the United Nations. Sooner or later the United States will be compelled to deal with the Peking regime as the government of China. We may wait sixteen years, as we did with the U. S. S. R., or we may extend recognition promptly as a means toward discussion. Non-recognition, which mistakenly equates recognition with approbation, pays no dividends. Recognition, albeit abominable to fanatics, would repudiate anew the unworkable Wilsonian conception of recognition as a weapon of policy and return to Jefferson's de facto theory of the value of official relations, even with detestable regimes, reaffirmed by Byrnes in 1946. In order to bargain one must talk. "Recognition" has no other purpose.

Other unpleasant conclusions flow from the premise here postulated. America will have to acquiesce in—without in any way approving or indorsing—the Communist regimes in Eastern Europe, the established frontiers, and the existing Communist system of alliances. Governments not confronted with force majeur never negotiate boundary changes save on a basis of quid pro quo. Governments do not abandon alliances at the request of potential enemies. These elementary lessons of diplomacy we shall have to relearn. So will the men in the Kremlin, since they cannot hope to negotiate without accepting the Western anti-Communist regimes, the existing frontiers, and the alliance system of the free world.

What is possible within these limits? I venture to believe that several local settlements are possible. Beginnings must be made where tensions are greatest and where potential antagonists can, if they wish, disengage themselves from one another—that is, in Korea, Austria, Germany.

Costly experimentation has demonstrated that we cannot conquer North Korea and the enemy cannot conquer South Korea. Continued partition is



Courtesy St. Louis *Post-Dispatch*

Rendezvous at Bermuda

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therefore inevitable. If Syngman Rhee prefers death to partition, there is no good reason why he should not have his choice so long as all others understand that life is preferable to death. A united Korea would be a Communist Korea or an anti-Communist Korea. We cannot permit the former. The foe cannot permit the latter. But foreign troops could eventually be withdrawn—ours to Japan and the enemy's to Manchuria—on the basis of a pact among Japan, the United States, China, and the U. S. S. R. to disarm, neutralize, and guarantee the two Koreas against invasion or subversion. To link such negotiations with the questions of Formosa, Indo-China, and China's seat in the U. N. would, I believe, be futile. Let a divided Korea become a buffer between the nearby bastions of Communist power and American power. Ultimate unification in a world atmosphere of concord is by no means inconceivable.

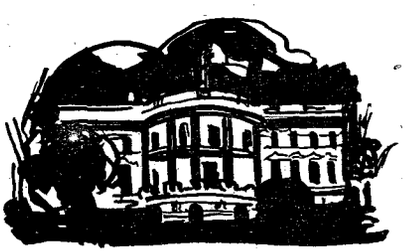
IN AUSTRIA our purpose is to get Russian troops out of the east and Moscow's purpose is to get our troops out of the west. A treaty with an independent Austria is possible provided there are assurances against the Ostmark becoming either a Red satellite or an American ally. Either development would jeopardize the balance. The price of a treaty is thus the neutralization of Austria by agreement among the powers. The result would be another buffer, reducing frictions among the giants and capable of later becoming a bridge rather than a road block between two worlds.

Whether a similar formula can be applied to Germany remains to be seen. Insistence in Washington and Bonn that German neutrality is "impossible" does not make it so. Diplomacy is the art of the possible. It is impossible for the Western powers to permit a united Reich to become a Soviet satellite. It is equally impossible for the Eastern powers to permit it to become a NATO ally. The test of the possible is the balance of power. The Acheson-Dulles policy of sponsoring a unified Germany, to be enlarged by revision of the Oder-Neisse frontier and to be allied with the West against the East, is wholly impossible of realization. Continued adherence to this position means the Reich's indefinite partition.

A far more hopeful solution for all concerned would be the unification of a neutralized Reich within existing frontiers and the withdrawal of all foreign troops. To obtain Russian evacuation and the orderly demise of the East German regime, the United States could well afford to pay the price of German neutrality. It is no answer to say that Western Europe cannot be defended against Russia without a rearmed Germany as an ally. Western Europe, with or without Germany, can never match or balance the local military superiority of the Soviet bloc. Its security depends, and will always depend, not upon European arms and alliances but upon the global equipoise between the Eastern and Western super-powers.

Will the Kremlin ever consent to quit eastern Germany? The answer, I believe, is yes—if we are willing to abandon our campaign for frontier revision and agree that a united Reich is to be neutralized and guaranteed by a new "Locarno," to which all of Germany's neighbors, plus Britain, America, and the U. S. S. R., would be parties. Soviet willingness to entertain such an idea would be enhanced by the prospect of an orderly demise of the Adenauer regime as well as of the Grotewohl-Pieck regime. A united Germany would be predominantly Protestant and Social Democratic, committed to neutralism by its internal political structure as well as by international engagements. Such an outcome would deprive neither the Russians nor us of any actual or reliable components of power. It would offer both coalitions, and all Germans, immense advantages.

What is possible beyond such local settlements is a premature question, since nothing will be possible if such settlements are not negotiated. Should they be achieved, exciting prospects loom ahead: a resumption of East-West trade, a hope of economic solvency for Western Europe and Japan, accords for limiting armaments, relaxation of Soviet control of the satellites, opportunities for the West to reconsider the future of colonialism without regard to "cold war"—in the end, perhaps, a reformation of a strengthened United Nations in the direction of limited world government.



Such visions will seem fatuous to those who assume that America is incapable of negotiation. We can, if we choose, adhere to the Acheson conception of "total diplomacy," meaning no diplomacy whatever, and to the Dulles conception of trying to impose our legalistic-moralistic abstractions on the outer world. We can refuse to compromise with sin. We can cling to our illusions of total victory, unconditional surrender, and American omnipotence. We can, at the behest of the Senator from Formosa and the Senator from Bedlam, rededicate ourselves to an inflexible anti-communism, begetting more inquisitions at home and more crusades abroad.

IN THIS EVENT by no means improbable, is all hope lost? I think not. The aging Stalin, by saying *nyet* over and again to all proposals for bargaining, earned the fear and hatred of millions and frustrated his own purposes. An America which says no to all proposals for bargaining will also earn the fear and hatred of millions and frustrate its own purposes. Our allies will then conclude that America has no qualifications for "world leadership," is incapable of diplomacy, and is incompetent to be trusted with the lives and fortunes of much of mankind. They will then, because they must, make their own peace with Marxland and end the cold war, whatever the risks, and leave us to tag along later or retire into a sullen isolationism.

This should not be permitted to happen, for it would upset the balance and expose the Muscovites to temptations which, in Christian charity, we should protect them against. It is therefore to be hoped that the Eisenhower Administration, with the support of most Democrats and of all Republicans save the madmen, will prove equal to the responsibilities and opportunities which loom ahead. "To everything there is a season, and a time to every purpose under the heavens . . . a time to keep silent, and a time to speak; a time to love, and a time to hate; a time of war, and a time of peace. . . . I know there is no good but for a man to rejoice and to do good in his life. And also that every man should eat and drink and enjoy the good of all his labor, it is the gift of God." This is a time for diplomacy—and for peace.

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THREAT TO ALL T.V.A.'S

Giveaway Program No. 2 . . . *by Bruce Catton*

Washington

THE drive to dismantle the whole public-power system is going along faster than anyone would have predicted four months ago. This second big giveaway program of the Eisenhower Administration is just as barefaced and as potentially costly as the offshore-oil deal, and there seems little chance of stopping it. The basic idea is to keep the government out of the power business wherever possible and by any means; if that can't be done, fix it so the private utilities can get the power at the bus bar and sell it on their own terms. Cripple the Rural Electrification Administration and the co-ops, put the hobbles on the T. V. A., knock out the government transmission systems, and in general give the power lobby everything it wants.

Since the attack has been launched on every imaginable front, it is hard to pick out any one place and say here is the key struggle. Perhaps it is well to look first at the attack on the T. V. A. program, if only because it reveals the President of the United States in the act of swallowing a campaign pledge whole. On the surface all that is happening to the T. V. A. is a moderate—as such things go nowadays—shaving of its request for funds for the next fiscal year. Actually, the T. V. A.'s whole future is threatened. If there is a vigorously expanding economy anywhere in the United States, it is in the Tennessee Valley. The budget cut ordered by the Administration would prevent the T. V. A. from expanding its services to keep up with the economy it serves. Thus a few years hence it would be possible to argue that this particular segment of the public-power system simply cannot provide the power that the territory needs. Then, of course, the way would be open to invite the private-power boys to take over.

The T. V. A. has about reached the limit in its development of water power. If it is to grow with the needs of its area, it must build new steam plants. What President Eisenhower's Budget Bureau did, after spending four months studying T. V. A. requests, was knock out $30,000,000 for two new steam-plant units at Fulton, Tennessee, and $31,000,000 for continuing construction on other hydro and steam units. This will create a tight situation. The T. V. A. already foresees a power shortage for the Memphis region. Its 150 preference customers—municipalities and cooperatives which by law can buy only from the T. V. A.—will suffer first if a shortage develops.

GOVERNOR CLEMENT of Tennessee recently told a House appropriations subcommittee that these preference agencies have some $400,000,000 invested in distribution facilities. In addition, since the end of World War II the people of the valley have put a billion dollars into home and farm power-using appliances. All these investments, he pointed out, were made in the belief that there would be a normal, business-like expansion of the T. V. A.'s facilities to meet expanding needs. By the fall of 1956, the Governor warned, the people of the valley "will either have the power available that these steam units T. V. A. is recommending will provide or they will be facing a serious power shortage."

Shortly before the Presidential election last fall the editors of the Scripps-Howard newspapers in Memphis and Knoxville wired General Eisenhower asking him to make clear his attitude toward the T. V. A., a very live issue in Tennessee. Eisenhower promptly wired back: "If I am elected President, T. V. A. will be operated and maintained at maximum efficiency." Rumors that he would decrease T. V. A.'s operating efficiency, or even abandon the project entirely, he declared, were "grossly untrue and utterly false." Ike then carried Tennessee by 4,000 votes.

Now let us consider the noose being slipped about the neck of the Southwestern Power Administration, the agency that sells power produced by federal dams in the Oklahoma-Arkansas-Texas area. In marketing this hydroelectric power the S. P. A. integrates it with steam power in order to firm up the supply for its preference customers. It has contracts with a number of co-ops which have pooled their resources to build generating and transmission facilities, and buys their entire output. In turn the S. P. A. sells to distribution co-ops, which serve their own customers. For this purpose the S. P. A. has what is known as a continuing fund; that is, it uses money received from its sale of power to pay for the steam power it buys. This takes nothing out of the federal treasury, since income equals or exceeds outgo over a year's time. All the S. P. A. needs is an annual authorization from Congress permitting this use of the money. For the coming fiscal year the Truman budget authorized a continuing fund of $5,650,000. In the Eisenhower budget this was cut to $3,736,000. Now the House of Representatives has cut it to $150,000. The effect will be to kill the S. P. A.'s ability to serve the co-ops, which will therefore be forced to sell out to the power companies.

Significantly enough, Frank Wilkes, president of the Southwestern Gas and Electric Company, has argued that the continuing fund is unnecessary, since the utilities are ready to sign wheeling agreements. After the House action, however, he said that the utilities were no longer prepared to do this; they would simply buy the power at the bus bar and resell it at what they considered a reasonable figure. Of all the government agencies which sell electric power the S. P. A. does by far the largest business, proportionately, with cooperatives—25 per cent of its sales as compared with 5.9 per cent for government power sales as a whole. (Bonneville sells 2.5 per cent to co-ops, the T. V. A. 9 per cent, the

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BRUCE CATTON, a contributing editor of The Nation, *reports frequently on what is going on in Washington.*

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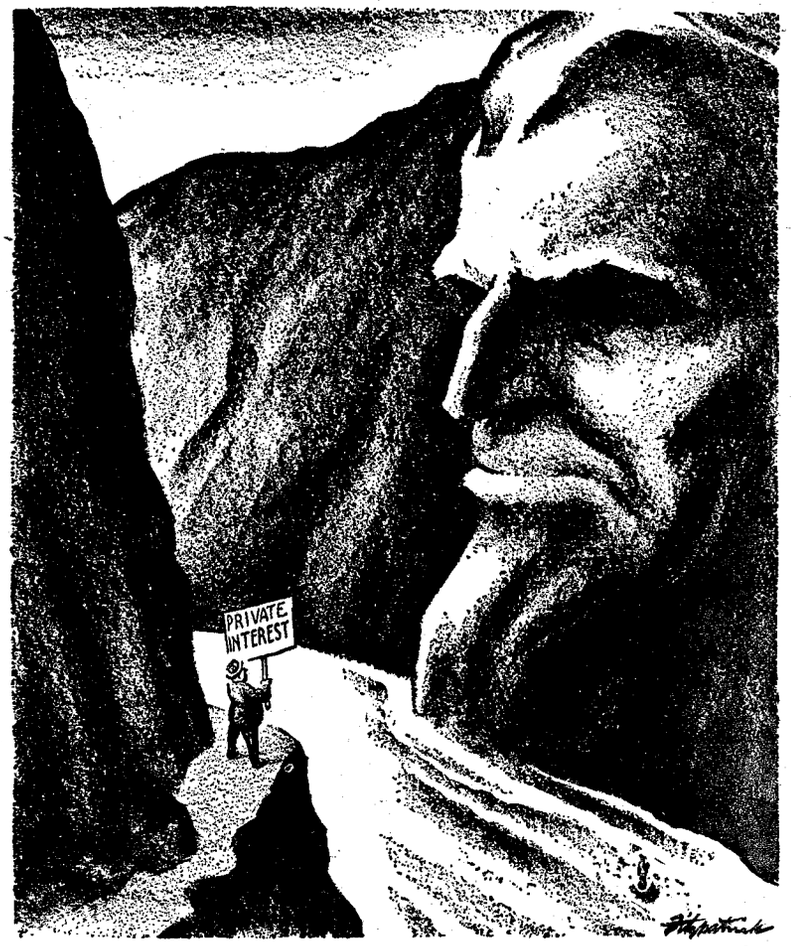
Bureau of Reclamation 1.4 per cent.) It looks like rough sledding for the co-ops.

Appearances are not deceiving. The Rural Electrification Administration is the federal agency which makes the rural electric co-ops possible by lending them money at low interest rates and providing essential technical services. The Eisenhower Administration is crippling the R. E. A. in two ways. As of this writing, the House Committee on Appropriations has cut the agency's loanable funds to $165,000,000, which is about $129,000,000 less than the amount considered essential by the National Rural Electric Cooperatives Association. In consequence the co-ops will be unable to build any new generating or transmission facilities, which of course will place them squarely at the mercy of the private utilities. On top of that, the R. E. A.'s administrative funds are being limited to $7,750,000. This will mean the firing of 150 employees, principally technicians, and the crippling of the technical aid furnished the co-ops.

To make the deal complete, Assistant Secretary of the Interior Fred Aandahl recently told a group of co-op leaders from Colorado that the government is adopting a new policy in respect to preference customers on Bureau of Reclamation projects. (Preference customers, it should be remembered, are municipalities, co-ops, and other public agencies designated by law as entitled to the first crack at federally produced power.) Hereafter, said Mr. Aandahl, when power becomes available on a new Reclamation project, preference customers who are ready to buy will be served. Sales will then be frozen; that is, the proportion of power sold to co-ops will not be increased no matter how much the co-ops expand. Thus the performance of the Southwestern Power Administration in building up its sales to co-ops from nothing to 25 per cent of its total business could never be duplicated.

As a final note, Representative Kit Clardy of Michigan has just introduced a bill which would raise the interest rate on R. E. A. loans from 2 to 4 per cent. This would make it all but impossible for co-ops to break even.

Other companies are now taking the contract offered by the Georgia Power Company as their model. Georgia Power refused to sign wheeling agreements; instead, it simply offered to buy government power and then resell it, separately, to preference customers. Such a deal, of course, would make the power company an independent middleman in the distribution of government power and deprive the government of all effective control. Former Secretary of the Interior Oscar Chapman steadfastly refused to approve any such agreement, but he is gone now, and so is the philosophy he represented.



Courtesy St. Louis *Post-Dispatch*

IF PUBLIC POWER can't be licked in one way it can in another. Look at Table Rock Dam, in southern Missouri. A short time ago, after preference customers in the area had contracted to buy power from Bull Shoals Dam, then nearing completion, the Defense Department announced that Bull Shoals power would be needed for aluminum production. As a result the contracts were canceled and it was announced that the preference customers would get power from Table Rock Dam, whose construction, just getting under way, would be expedited. This winter, however, Defense Secretary Wilson stopped work on Table Rock Dam, and the Bureau of the Budget refuses to send down a request for construction funds.

As if to make certain that nobody misunderstands what is going on, the House Appropriations Committee expressed itself unmistakably on public power in a couple of paragraphs inserted in the Department of the Interior's appropriation bill. This policy statement, which presumably expresses the sentiment of the House majority, stipulates that the government should build dams and then let the private companies buy the power at the bus bar and distribute it over their own lines. It also says that "in all future projects or new starts which include transmission lines private enterprise shall be urged to take the initiative in constructing, owning, and operating such works before money is made available for federal construction." Here we have nothing less than a reversal of the whole public-power concept quietly wrapped up in an appropriation bill.

The giveaway operates on all levels. The Roanoke Rapids power site, which acquires its real value from heavy federal expenditures farther upstream, is handed over to the Virginia Electric

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Power Company. Hell's Canyon is about to be handed over to the Idaho Power Company. The power potential at Niagara and on the St. Lawrence is to be developed without federal intervention. What all this adds up to is a victory of the first magnitude for the power lobby. With the wreckage of two decades of gains lying all about us, we might as well be back in the mid-twenties. One observer, moved to sardonic humor by the brazenness of the deal, remarked the other day: "When they build those three private dams in the Snake River, they should name them Albert B. Fall Dam No. 1, Albert B. Fall Dam No. 2, and Albert B. Fall Dam No. 3."

GUILTY OF WHAT?

The Charge Was Perjury . . *by Eugene Daniel*

THE perjury conviction of William Perl, thirty-four-year-old physicist, is merely an episode in the larger drama of Julius and Ethel Rosenberg. But Perl's strange trial in federal court last month raises some disturbing questions about the government's methods in spy cases.

Ostensibly, Perl was tried on the charge of lying four times to the federal grand jury that subsequently indicted the Rosenbergs. Actually, Perl was arrested for espionage. This was the real issue, as reporters were told by a helpful assistant United States attorney.

The four counts in the indictment were based on Perl's denial to the grand jury in the summer of 1950 that he knew Julius Rosenberg; Morton Sobell, co-defendant with the Rosenbergs, now serving a thirty-year sentence; Helene Elitcher, wife of a government witness against the Rosenbergs; and Ann and Michael Sidorovich. Mrs. Sidorovich, according to David Greenglass at the Rosenberg trial, was to have been a courier for the ring. After a week-long trial Perl was found guilty, with a recommendation of clemency, on the Rosenberg and Sobell counts and not guilty on the other two. Judge Sylvester J. Ryan ignored the jury's urging and gave Perl the maximum sentence, five years on each count, to run concurrently.

The F. B. I. began to question Perl about his City College classmates, Sobell and Julius Rosenberg, early in the summer of 1950. One F. B. I. agent, he testified, warned him then, "Rosenberg and Sobell are going to fry." Perl was first brought before the grand jury on August 18, 1950, and again on September 11 and October 4. He was told plainly that he was being asked to appear as a witness, not as a defendant. But he insisted he did not have the information the government sought. In the winter of 1951 he was summoned to a conference of F. B. I. agents and government prosecutors. Roy Cohn, then an assistant United States attorney and now Senator McCarthy's assistant, said to him, Confess or you will be indicted. Perl replied, "I have nothing to confess. I would like to hear any charges against me in open court."

A few weeks later, midway in the trial of the Rosenbergs and Sobell, Perl was arrested at night on a sealed indictment. He was charged not with spying but with answering falsely to the grand jury six and seven months earlier. Out on bail but jobless, Perl moved in June, 1952, to bring his case to trial. Judge John F. X. McGohey denied his motion on the government's plea that it would be unwise, in the interest of security, to reveal its proof until the Rosenberg appeals were settled. This peculiar argument lends strength to the contention of the Rosenbergs' lawyer that Perl was indicted to inflame sentiment against them.

Finally, twenty-six months after he was indicted, Perl's trial began on May 18, 1953. On the first day the government clearly tipped off the court to the underlying case. Assistant United States Attorney Robert Martin read the account Perl had given to the grand jury of a mysterious visit from a Vivian Glassman. A sister of a girl he had known, Vivian Glassman slipped into Perl's Cleveland apartment in July, 1950, a few weeks after the F. B. I. first questioned him. Perl told the grand jury Miss Glassman said nothing to him, grabbed a sheet of paper, scribbled Julius Rosenberg's name on it, and wrote that she had money for Perl to flee to Mexico. He asked her to leave and reported the incident to the F. B. I.

His telling the F. B. I. and grand jury about this seemingly incriminating visit hardly appears to be the conduct of a spy. Perl said he thought the visit was a "trap" of some kind.

THE GOVERNMENT then hurried on to make its perjury charges stand up. Records were brought in to show that Perl, Rosenberg, and Sobell were all electrical-engineering students at C. C. N. Y., attending classes together from 1934 to 1938. Two of their former classmates testified they saw Perl, Sobell, and Rosenberg talking together in hallways and the lunchroom, at Young Communist League meetings in the Bronx, at Union Square rallies, and at ten-or-twelve gatherings of the Steinmetz Club, a Young Communist League affiliate for electrical engineers. The government also produced two letters Perl had written his family in 1940 and 1941 referring to "my friend . . . Sobell."

The most articulate witnesses were Max Elitcher and his wife, Helene. In great detail they described a party in 1944 at which they were present with Perl and Rosenberg. They told of another in 1946 at the Rosenberg apartment that included Morton Sobell. But Perl's lawyer drew from Max Elitcher an admission that although he was a member of the Communist Party from 1939 to 1948 he had sworn on navy loyalty forms that he was not. The jury

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apparently believed neither of the Elitchers. It found Perl not guilty of lying when he said he did not know Helene.

The government's clincher on the charge that he knew Rosenberg and Sobell was Perl's own confusing testimony in his grand-jury appearances. On August 18 he had said he did not know them. On September 11 he said he now recalled Sobell from City College. On October 4 he said he now had an "awareness" of Rosenberg from school and may have kept in touch with Sobell for awhile after graduation.

TAKING THE STAND in his own behalf, Perl made no effort to rebut any of the testimony. Indeed, all through the trial he had forbidden his lawyer to object to any of the evidence, holding that anything that was true could not hurt him. He based his defense almost entirely on the meaning of the word "know." As Judge Ryan said in his charge to the jury, testimony is perjured only when it is given contrary to belief. The issue was: did Perl give answers to the grand jury truthfully—albeit mistakenly—or did he deliberately lie?

Perl said that when the grand jury asked him if he knew Rosenberg and Sobell he thought the questions meant: are you presently and intimately associated with them? This was logical, he said, because the F. B. I. had been questioning him weeks before about both men and told him they knew the three were at school together. Therefore, his lawyer argued, it would have been absurd to conceal the old relationship. Perl said he had truthfully answered all the questions of the F. B. I. and the United States attorneys and told his family to cooperate with the inquiry. The very letters used by the government to show Perl knew Sobell after City College support his cooperation claim.

The contradictions in his grand-jury testimony, Perl said, stemmed from honest thought processes. He was deep in his research work for the government's National Advisory Committee for Aeronautics when the probe burst on him in 1950. He was "shocked and horrified," he said, by the F. B. I.'s intrusion into his life. On his first appearance before the grand jury he couldn't recall Sobell and Rosenberg. On his second and third appearances he began to get "an awareness I didn't have before . . . visualization, a recollection."

Perhaps the most telling factor in the jury's decision was Perl's candid admission at his second grand-jury session that he feared any link between himself and Communists "would prevent me from doing physics." At his perjury trial Perl again said openly, "I had one single idea in mind. To make clear to the grand jury that I was not associated with those perjured souls [Sobell and Rosenberg]." The government seized on this as a motive for Perl's untruthfulness. Perl's lawyer might have argued that in the present climate of opinion his client's fear was warranted and that his frank admissions were not in character if he was a perjurer.

It is likely that the jury during its four-hour deliberations spent most of its time arguing over the word "know." Although his charge was eminently fair, Judge Ryan may have played a large role in determining the jury's mind on this key word. During Perl's cross-examination he asked what the defendant now understood by "know." Perl said, "I'd have to consult a dictionary." The Judge snorted, "Did you look it up in a dictionary when the grand jury questioned you?" Later, in sentencing Perl, Judge Ryan termed his explanation "stupid and clumsy."

WHILE THE JURY was out, the case developed its last unusual turn. Prosecutor Robert Martin told the newspapermen that he was unhappy because the papers had given the case and himself very little publicity. What do you expect? was the reply. Since espionage had barely crept into the trial, editors had buried it. Martin pondered this, and after the jury brought in its verdict and Perl's lawyer asked for continuation of bail pending sentence, he jumped to his feet and said that the government opposed bail because it had "information tying this defendant in with the Rosenberg espionage ring—directly." What was the information? Martin was "sorry, but we can't make it public at this time."

That did it. The next morning the New York *Times* and *Herald Tribune* lifted Perl from inside pages to page one. The *News* led with the story. In all accounts the emphasis was nicely divided between the verdict and Martin's claims.

Despite its assertions that Perl was in constant touch with spy-ring members, the government proved much less. At best it proved that Perl lied about knowing two Communists twelve years ago. Except the Elitchers' questionable testimony, no evidence was offered to show that Perl knew Rosenberg and Sobell from 1944 to 1950—the years when their espionage conspiracy was operating, according to the indictment under which they were convicted.

In a saner atmosphere it is inconceivable that Perl would have stood trial for such trivial evasion. As Mr. Martin explained in another aside, "If we tried every case that was technically perjury, we'd be swamped." From this observation and Roy Cohn's warning it is clear that Perl was tried for perjury because he did not confess to espionage. Even Judge Ryan looked beyond the courtroom to arrive at his stiff penalty. After the verdict was announced he directed the United States attorney to bring him F. B. I. reports on Perl to help him determine the sentence.

One big question looms over the whole affair: why bother with Perl at all? The Rosenbergs say he was arrested during their trial to whip up feeling. Another theory finds the reason in his eminence as a physicist. In the fifteen years after he graduated from C. C. N. Y. cum laude, Perl had established himself as an outstanding aerodynamics theorist. Of all the persons linked to the Rosenbergs, he alone was capable of understanding atomic secrets. Did the government reason that since the ring lacked such a trained person one had to be found? At the time of Perl's indictment United States Attorney Irving Saypol said Perl was supposed to have been a government witness against the Rosenbergs. Did the government convict Perl of perjury because he would not or could not confess to being the missing man at the center of the ring?

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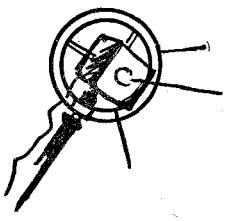

The Texas Brand in the Library

By Maury Maverick, Jr.

[*This is* The Nation's *own "Voice of America," an occasional feature bringing to our readers condensations of important speeches which have received little or no notice in the press. Maury Maverick, Jr., son of the former Congressman, is a member of the Texas legislature. The following speech was delivered before that body in the course of a recent debate on a bill to "brand" certain books in all the public libraries in Texas. An attempt to do the same thing on a municipal level in San Antonio, Texas, is commented on in the editorial pages of this issue.*—EDITORS THE NATION.]

Austin, Texas

HOUSE bill 566, which has been criticized by the Dallas *Morning News* and *Times-Herald* and the Austin *American*, will cause all books not used for comparative study to be removed from public libraries if they purportedly (1) discredit the family; (2) ridicule the American Constitution and privileges enjoyed thereunder; (3) hold up to scorn freedom of religious worship and religious instruction; (4) hold up to contempt American or Texas history; (5) advocate the overthrow of the government by violence.

The first four items mentioned obviously make for an unconstitutional law, since they destroy free speech and freedom of the press. The last item is worthy of a separate analysis, which I shall subsequently make.

AS FOR WRITING which purportedly discredits the family, there may be those fanatics who will demand that the Holy Bible be removed from public libraries, for it is stated according to the Gospel of St. Matthew, Chapter 11, verse 35: "For I am come to set a man at variance against his father, and the daughter against her mother, and the daughter-in-law against her mother-in-law."

As for publications which ridicule the rights and privileges enjoyed under the federal Constitution, the very first publication to be removed from public libraries will be the statute books which will contain H. B. 566, should said bill become the law of the land.

As for publications which purportedly hold up to contempt freedom of religion, there may be those who will demand that the Declaration of Independence of the Republic of Texas be removed from all public libraries, for it is there stated: "[The] government has been forcibly changed without the people's consent from a restricted Federative Republic composed of sovereign states to a consolidated central military despotism, in which every interest is disregarded but that of the army and the priesthood, both the eternal enemies of civil liberty, the ever-ready minions of power, and the usual instruments of tyrants."

In addition there is the risk that the Constitution of the United States of America will have to be removed because of the language in Article I of the Bill of Rights, which reads: "Congress shall make no law respecting the establishment of religion." This, of course, is the doctrine of the separation of church and state and to many people is considered as being contemptuous of religion.

As for books which unjustifiably hold up to public contempt American and Texas history, there might well be those who will insist that all books be removed which criticize the murder of Alexander Hamilton by Aaron Burr, the Dred Scott decision, the burning of the South by General Sherman, the Ku Klux Klan, and all books which refer to President Cleveland's illegitimate child. The poetry and writing of Walt Whitman, who grew up in an era which saw lobbying approach its corrupt zenith, and who cried out against ". . . bawling office holders, kept editors, bribers, compromisers, lobbyists, spongers, the lousy combines and born freedom sellers of the earth," may be taken out of the libraries.

NOW PERMIT ME to turn to that part of H. B. 566 which requires that all books in public libraries be stamped with quarter-inch-high words in red print if the author is in fact or is alleged to be subversive or once a member of some organization on the Attorney General's list. The only other large countries in modern times to institute book-branding have been Japan, Germany, Italy, and Soviet Russia.

An article entitled What You can Read in Russia in *Harper's Magazine*, for April, 1952, states: "Censorship is rigorously applied in Russia. The Lenin Library in Moscow, which is proud to be counted among the five richest libraries in the world, sometimes prints on its catalogue cards, 'This work cannot be consulted.' "

In the Lenin Library at Moscow, books are branded—and we will do the same thing if we vote for H. B. 566.

As for Nazi Germany, I quote to you from the book "Germany Enters the Third Reich," by Calvin B. Hoover: "A sort of index expurgatoris was set up . . . books by thousands from the public libraries and the loan libraries were burned in gigantic public bonfires by the students." The same thing was done in Italy, as described by Shepard Clough in his book "Making Fascists."

Judge Learned Hand, now an old man and truly one of the great jurists in the history of our nation, stated it much better than I can when he said:

"I believe that that community is already in process of dissolution where each man begins to eye his neighbor as a possible enemy; where non-conformity with the accepted creed, political as well as religious, is a mark of disaffection; where denunciation without specification or backing takes the place of evidence; where orthodoxy chokes freedom of dissent; where faith in the eventual supremacy of reason has become so timid that we dare not enter our convictions in the open lists, to win or lose. Such fears as these are a solvent that can eat out the cement that binds the stones of our government together. They may in the end subject us to despotism as evil as any that we dread."

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BOOKS

He Stuck to His Own Street

LETTERS OF SHERWOOD ANDERSON. Selected and Edited with an Introduction and Notes by Howard Mumford Jones in Association with Walter B. Rideout. Little, Brown and Company. $6.

By Willard Thorp

WHY is it, one wonders, that there are still hidden passages in the lives of many American writers, unexplained episodes and changes of direction and purpose? When will the biographers of Poe, Melville, Whitman, Mark Twain, Emily Dickinson, Stephen Crane, Thomas Wolfe, and Edith Wharton complete the record and tell all that we need to know? The still unresolved enigmas in their lives make the tasks of a biographer of Keats or Thackeray or Shelley seem routine. In part it is, of course, that most English writers can be measured against their tradition, whereas the bolder and more imaginative of our American writers were making a tradition which we as yet imperfectly understand.

There is still much to know and say about Sherwood Anderson, although the biographers have already been busy. The present volume of 401 letters, selected from the rich horde of 5,000 in the Newberry Library, answers many questions about him, and they are a valuable addition to the truth about Anderson, but they raise, it must be admitted, almost as many questions as they answer. The editors had to use some principle of selection, and their choice was certainly a sensible one—to present mainly those letters which speak of Anderson's methods and purpose as a writer, his special sense of the place of the writer in America, his relationships with other writers and artists, and his understanding of the psychology of the writer. By intent there are no letters here which Anderson wrote before he turned his back on the business world. The excuse offered is that "there is no good exhuming letters written by Anderson the business man, a quite different fellow." The next biographer may well say that the excuse is lame. That "quite different fellow" we need to know about, for Anderson several times wrote into his work his still mysterious defection from "Roof Fix." The experience was traumatic as well as crucial. Anderson subsequently made a legend of it, until he had clothed naked fact—whatever it was—in at least seven veils.

Another difficulty was beyond editorial control. Anderson retold the story of his life many times. He used his father and mother, his brothers, his boyhood days in Clyde, as a writer of fiction needs to, but he disconcertingly called his fictions "A Story Teller's Story" or "Tar, a Midwest Childhood." Knowing Anderson's particular propensity for passing off fiction as fact and fact as fiction, a habit which makes life difficult for his biographers, one cannot help wondering how true to essential fact his letters are. They seem to be utterly frank, especially when he is writing to friends of long standing who loved him—Clara and Ferdinand Schevill, for instance, or Roger Sergel. But an insistent question crosses the reader's mind: are Anderson's letters, even to those nearest him, partly fiction? Are things left unsaid or said fancifully? Will future biographers have to work over these letters as they have the memoirs and the autobiographical stories, winnowing them to find the hard kernels of fact?

To ask this is probably to beg the question. What was fact about his life was what Anderson thought it was, even though the fact frequently put on a new but not necessarily a false face. And there is no doubt that the letters present Anderson at full length and are the self-portrait of the artist as Midwesterner in awe of the praise of the cultured East, as a man with a real vocation, as a father delighting to discover belatedly the sturdiness of his sons, as a constant inventor of "projects," a generous and lovable encourager of others who wished to go his way, a reluctant but earnest political man, a specialist in the particular submarginal America which he knew better than any other of our writers. There is, certainly, no fiction mingled with two insistent facts which the letters reveal: since there was no trace of meanness in Sherwood Anderson, he never lost a friend, and believing as he did in the necessary supremacy of art in a civilized society, he never lost his sense of vocation, though the persistent failures of his later years might well have made him bitter and abusive.

Occasionally, too, the essential Anderson comes through so strongly and sharply to the reader that he is hauled up short. In 1939, for example, Dwight Macdonald of the *Partisan Review* was questioning writers about their aims—standard practice for such magazines. Anderson let Macdonald have it, straight from the bow, ignoring the postcard form and using a long letter for his arrow.

> And now as to the questions. In answer to the first, I would have to say that it is no part of my nature to analyze very closely what influences me and what doesn't. I am interested in storytelling. My mind is likely to stay on the street in which I happen to be walking, rather than on America as a whole. I just don't think that way, and in thinking that way it is impossible for me to say whether either Henry James's or Walt Whitman's work is more relevant to the present and future of American writing, etc., etc.

Anderson goes on to say that he has no particular audience in mind when he writes. "I have a notion that at the present time many people who otherwise might be more interested in the human side of people have gone off into their effort to solve life through economics." He is pitched outside his own world by talk about the influence of criticism on the writer. "I like praise and dislike blame." A pompous query about "the great tradition" elicits three short sentences: "I think it goes on and on in spite of all the things you mention. The difficulty is to keep it straight. All the morality of the artist is involved in it."

The last question gets the best answer and presents Anderson in the truest likeness a biographer could ask for.

WILLARD THORP is professor of English and chairman of the American Civilization Program at Princeton University. He is coeditor of "Literary History of the United States."

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Sherwood Anderson

This again gets me outside the house in which I sit, the street in which I walk. It plunges me off into a world of thinking that in some queer way does not belong to me. I believe that my own responsibility is to those immediately about me. I frankly do not understand world movements. They seem to me queerly accidental. Outside any possibility of any clear thinking on my part, I want my own job, and while these things may have a tremendous influence on my job, I try to keep my own mind on the job itself. I am not and do not pretend to be a world thinker, a national thinker, or a political thinker. You see, Macdonald, this is about all I can say on the subject. To me all such words as "the people," "the masses," "nations," etc., etc., are rather empty words. I don't like attempts at big thinking. I suppose there are men who can do it, and I am satisfied to leave the job to them. To me the world is simply filled with individuals some few of whom I would like to come to understand a little.

In the troubled thirties Anderson tried to be a political man and ventured on "big thinking." Drawn to the left as most American writers of any stature were, he united with other artists in attempting to arouse the conscience of Herbert Hoover after the still unforgotten and unforgivable assault on the Bonus Army ("What happened here in Washington looked to me like Tsardom"). He joined groups, permitted his name to be used on letterheads. Even before he died such indiscretions were beginning to catch up with him. In these days when Congressional investigators are chiefly vigilant in hunting down new quarry, it may be well to have it on the record that Anderson, as his letters show, hated communism as much as he did fascism. (The dead may be the next group to be summoned to the Klieg lights.) Let Anderson repeat, in his defense, if he is permitted to speak, what he wrote in 1939 to Herbert Feis, an economist who was then an adviser to the State Department.

Some years ago I had a letter from Henri Barbusse or Romain Rolland, I do not know which, asking me if my name could be used in some sort of an organization [Executive Committee of the World Committee Against War and Fascism], as I understood it, against Fascism, and I presume I said O.K. I am sending you a copy of a letterhead they use in their literature. As a matter of fact, Herbert, I have never been to a meeting of the organization and know nothing about it except what appears on this letterhead. The letterhead seems to say that I am counselor to the president, who seems to be Romain Rolland; but if I am, he never in any way consulted me, nor did I ever give him any advice.

I presume, however, that I will have to find out whether or not my name appearing thus on the letterhead of this organization makes me any kind of an officer. At any rate, I know I am not an organizer of anything. I really suppose, Herbert, I am just an ordinary old-fashioned liberal Democrat and certainly with the same impulse against Fascism, Communism, or any other sort of dictatorship that most of us feel. I wonder if you could enlighten me about this.

WHAT MOTIVATED Anderson's attempts at "big thinking" in those years will be clear enough to other liberal Democrats—or democrats—who survive. The depression had shaken his immense faith in America, under which was subsumed belief in the ultimate taming of the machine and the possibility of civilizing business. He did not think in terms of historical forces or the revolt of the masses. Rather, he was remembering men and women he had known in Winesburg, the textile mills of the South, and in all the Hello Towns of America through which he had wandered in those restless journeys which were both escape and discovery for him. One suspects, too, that being a political man was for Anderson a substitute for what he knew well enough was the real work which he could no longer do. His waste basket had always overflowed with botched pages, but most of the pages written in the thirties were discarded or should have been. The much-revised "Beyond Desire" (1932) is perhaps his poorest work, and "Kit Brandon" (1930) is not much better. Though Maxwell Perkins was now his editor, there was little that even he could do for this "sixty-year-old smiling public man."

The other hours Anderson filled with projects for getting his stories on the stage and in pouring out letters to aspirant novelists and to thesis-writers who requested the story of his career. There are too many letters of this kind in the collection. Anderson entertained few ideas, one reason, perhaps, why he represented them in so many guises, as he did the chief episodes in his life. Oddly enough, his ideas about himself are not

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—HANNAH ARENDT

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very abundant, although he speculated constantly in his last years about Sherwood Anderson.

Surprisingly, since Anderson had so little use for criticism, some of the best passages in the letters are about other writers. To many of his writing contemporaries—Dreiser, Gertrude Stein, Waldo Frank, Hart Crane, Paul Rosenfeld—he wrote intimate and sympathetic letters. But he could judge their work objectively and speak of it with extraordinary flashes of insight. This is true also of Faulkner, whom he helped on his upward way ("this man is a comer," he wrote Liveright), though he did not like Faulkner as a person, and of Thomas Wolfe, with whom there was some sort of minor quarrel. This sympathetic understanding seems to have been withheld only from Hemingway, though he too was given the right hand of fellowship in the beginning. What brought about the change is difficult to make out. One notices it first in a letter to Paul Rosenfeld in 1927: "It made me pretty sick seeing Hemingway this winter." Anderson comes back to "Hemmy" again and again, trying to figure out what has gone sour. Finally, in 1936, he finds his answer (in a letter to Ralph Church).

I began reading Hemmy's "Green Hills of Africa" and thinking of him and a lot of things you said. It's really a lousy book, and the god awful thing is that he doesn't know it and never will.

I rather wonder, Ralph, if it isn't like this. You see, he's got this notion in his head, that you get there by chucking the imaginative world. He got it, of course, because it isn't his world. He can't feel his way around in it, can't get it; so he gets out of it by saying, "The hell with it."

And then you see what he does. He romanticizes what he calls the real world, gets ecstatic about shooting and killing, guts and dung.

There's the whole world of men he can't get at all; so he proclaims his own superiority to it and them.

And then, too, he's too concerned with writing, thinks of it too much like the eternal amateur he is and always will be, the small bad boy. . . .

I think it's rather like this, Ralph. Of course every man has a hell of a time. First he has to work to get someone else, usually some woman, out from between him and his canvas. That's a fight. Then he has to try to get himself out. That's the thing Hemmy can't do.

I wonder if I'm right.

By subtraction do we not find Anderson's world in what is left out of Hemingway's—the pathos, the sentiment, all that is unheroic and unromantic?

New Books in Brief

Viennese Tragi-Comedy

THE MAN WITHOUT QUALITIES. By Robert Musil. Translated from the German by Eithne Wilkins and Ernst Kaiser. Coward-McCann. $4.

This is a distinguished novel of ideas by an eccentric and talented European author whose work has been neglected perhaps just because he is a writer of many qualities none of which quite fit into convenient critical categories. The story is primarily a study of upper-class life in imperial Vienna before the First World War. It is incisive and entertaining social satire, but it deals also with the tragi-comedy of human relationships, and particularly, in Musil's own tradition, the tragi-comedy of love. This is the first section of a large work; the author has been compared, exuberantly and erroneously, with Proust, Joyce, and Henry James. But he is at least a sort of daylight Kafka whose world is just as ominous and frustrating, if softer in texture, more affectionate and communal, as it summons up all its gaiety to face the void. The publishers have performed a useful service in introducing Musil here; one hopes they will continue to publish him.

What Makes Us Human?

YOU SHALL KNOW THEM. By Vercors. Translated by Rita Barisse. Little, Brown. $3.50.

Jean Bruller, known before the war as one of France's foremost cartoonists, suddenly achieved international prominence when under the pseudonym Vercors he published "The Silence of the Sea" during the German occupation. This short masterpiece dealt with the first passive then active resistance of the Breton fishing folk.

"You Shall Know Them" is Bruller's first full-length novel since "Silence," though a collection of long short stories on war themes was published here in 1946. It lacks the lyric, compelling quality of the first book, but it is worth reading because the author, returning to his original gift for social satire, has posed the question why man has defined everything possible under the sun save himself. Man, says Bruller, has consciously avoided any generally acceptable definition of those characteristics or that distinguishing feature which makes him "human," that is, sets him apart from the ape. Specifically he asks what point must be reached before a creature can be considered a member of the human family.

The novel, written in a teasing, scratch-the-surface style (the translation is just right throughout) and moving along at a swift clip, purports to chronicle an expedition of anthropologists to the Australian bush. In the course of the yarn Vercors pokes much fun at both the British and the French, but more at the "unwritten law of custom" which hag-rides the bourgeois dinner-table and other similar rites, such as courtship, the club, the course of justice in the courtroom.

He concludes: "Humanity is not a state we suffer. It's a dignity we must strive to win. A dignity full of pain and sorrow, won at the price of tears . . . [our] very duality is part of the human condition . . . the dignity of men resides even in their failures, even in their falls."

How Unions Work

THE LOCAL UNION. By Leonard R. Sayles and George Strauss. Harper. $3.50.

The authors of this book spent months making field studies of twenty local unions, a job of unique research in which they received the generous cooperation of union officers and members. They have produced the first full-length report of its kind but one whose limitations they fully recognize. In fact, they recommend further research to test their own conclusions.

The time covered by the study was 1948 to 1952. The unions selected—ten C. I. O., one independent, and nine A. F. of L.—were in basic and fabri-

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cated steel, automotive assembly, food processing, men's and women's clothing, chemicals, and printing. Their membership ranged from 500 to 2,000 and they operated in four Northeastern communities of from 20,000 to 2,000,000 population. The authors' conclusions will not satisfy those with stereotyped ideas about labor organizations or with great faith in legislative panaceas. They found that as the collective-bargaining relationship matured, a certain degree of "working harmony" between labor and management was created, though this was always subject to disruption when bargaining began on grievances or terms of employment.

The book is chiefly concerned with the inner workings of local unions, the factors that unite or divide individuals and groups within the union, and the external influences that help to determine union policies and actions. It is a careful, detailed, and realistic inquiry, well worth the attention of union officers and economists, labor-relations executives, and, perhaps above all, members of Congressional committees now rewriting federal labor law.

Business vs. Ethics

THE SOCIAL RESPONSIBILITY OF THE BUSINESSMAN. By Howard A. Bowen. Harper. $3.50.

Is simultaneous pursuit of profit and sanctity possible? What compromises with his ethical principles must the business man make? Questions of this kind are presented in this, the third volume of the Federal Council of Churches series on ethics and economic life. Though Professor Bowen believes that business ethics have substantially improved in the last half-century, the most sympathetic reader can derive from him no clear statement of what these ethics are.

Professor Bowen's most original suggestion, a social audit of business performance, is an interesting one, but the trap remains. How can you balance the financial books of a corporation without standard accounting procedures? How, a fortiori, can you conduct an audit of social performance without clear standards of what is socially desirable and what is not? It is this central uncertainty which makes an otherwise solid book flounder. Perhaps its author's most useful service is in letting us see how confused the whole subject is. It might be well if the series stopped here without rubbing this condition in, in three additional volumes.

More and More Science Needed

PREVIEW FOR TOMORROW. The Unfinished Business of Science. By Bruce Bliven. Knopf. $5.

The promises and threats of technology as they appear to a well-known journalist. The information was gathered by interviewing some two hundred experts in various fields; the subjects, grouped under eight heads, range from birth control to calculating-machines and from erosion to malaria. On almost every page there is a reason for viewing with alarm, but there are also almost as many occasions for optimism. If it frightens you to learn that "two-thirds of the United States is already short of water" you may take comfort in the fact that if the army needs, for instance, an expert on airplane maintenance who speaks Arabic and is reasonably immune to malaria, the electronic scanner can determine in a few minutes whether there is anyone with this happy combination of characteristics available.

In general Mr. Bliven's slant is that of a liberal optimist who believes in the efficacy of the hair of the dog that bit you—that is, that the cure for the evils of technology is more of the same. His conclusion is that "nearly all mankind's troubles today are self-created" and that we now know enough to remedy them if we will only consent to do so. There is lots of information in this book even though some of the author's cheerfulness seems to spring from sheer faith—as, for example: "We should not get impatient . . . because comic books outsell all other periodicals combined, or because a television comedy of young married life bearing no relation to reality has sixty-eight times as many viewers as one of the best educational programs. These are the growing pains of our culture." It's an unfortunate metaphor because Mr. Bliven's medical experts would tell him that these "growing pains" are not recognized by medical science. They are the symptoms of a disease.

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THE LIBRARY OF GREAT PAINTERS. Portfolio Edition. Rembrandt, Text by Wilhelm Koehler; Botticelli, Text by Frederick Hartt; Flower Painting, Text by Margaret Fairbanks Marcus. Abrams. $1.50 each.

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The quality of the texts has generally been very high, and Hartt's consideration of Botticelli is one of the best in the series. It combines brilliant scholarship with beautiful writing that catches the haunting exquisiteness of Botticelli's art. Koehler, one of the greatest living art historians, is curiously sentimental in his treatment of Rembrandt and too often takes refuge in abstract clichés like "the very essence of the individual has been caught by the artist." He is eloquent, however, when he compares the

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wall and niche of the Supper at Emmaus to a mighty sounding board for the delicate music of inner voices. The Flower Painting cuts across time and nations, and the text is as informative and stimulating as the selection of the plates.

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Civilizing the Indian

THE SAVAGES OF AMERICA. By Roy Harvey Pearce. The Johns Hopkins Press. $4.

In this study the author has made a valuable contribution to the history of the idea of civilization as it developed in relation to the American Indian.

The civilized Americans saw in the American Indian all that they had grown away from, and much that they had still to develop away from if they were to realize their destiny in creating a new society. From the first they took the view that the Indian must adapt himself to them, and become, like them, civilized. The Indian's resistance to this idea was on the whole not understood for what it was, except by a few independent spirits and the Quakers. It is strange that men, especially invaders, have taken so long to recognize the right of every people to their own culture.

With much labor and resourcefulness Dr. Pearce has uncovered a whole realm of materials which show how quickly the idea developed that the best kind of Indian was a dead one. The story he has to tell relies entirely upon the historical record, and that record is a very unpretty one. We have repeated it in our own time with the Eskimos of the Far North and we are doing the very same thing in the Aleutians now. Yet some progress amid all this disaster is being made, and our government is today endeavoring to let the Indian learn all he can from the white man and still retain his own culture.

Theater

Freda Kirchwey

THERE are two plots in "Me and Juliet" (Majestic Theater), and to this observer they seemed two too many. It did not improve matters that they moved—though rather slowly—together, one inside the other. On the contrary the play and the play within the play, though parallel in theme, were just different enough to create an air of mild confusion and dislocation. Something is wrong when a musical-comedy audience goes up the aisle after the finale discussing the plot rather than the songs and dances. I had thought that "South Pacific" and a couple of others by the same authors had converted me to this form of theater art, but "Me and Juliet" effected a reconversion. I came away with an old bias in favor of revues as opposed to musical comedies restored to its former vigor.

Another complaint. The feature songs were sung too often, a fault common to most musical shows including the best of Rodgers and Hammerstein. Several are surely destined to be hits. Of these I particularly liked Keep It Gay, No Other Love, and Marriage Type Love. But the last, possibly the most appealing, was plugged until by the final curtain it sounded as if it had been out a year. And The Big Black Giant, celebrating the real boss of the theater, the people out front, was reprised far beyond its worth, for it is a tiresome number even the first time you hear it. (Its resemblance to Old Man River is just close enough to make it the sadder by comparison.) Some of the lesser songs, which enjoyed no repeats, pleased me more than the would-be hits. A very amusing one, words and music both, was It's Me, delightfully sung by Joan McCracken and Isabel Bigley. Another likeable ballad, That's the Way It Happens, described the persuasive power over a young lady's heart of French-fried potatoes and a T-bone steak. The tunes all through—barring the Giant—are good, but they are not rare, magical, wonderful, any of them. Similarly the lyrics, while smooth, deftly phrased, and amusing or romantic as the situation demands, are not thrilling or very funny or very witty. And the frightening thing about being Mr. Rodgers and Mr. Hammerstein is that the audience sits there expecting all those qualities!

Enough of complaints; even, perhaps, too much. For after the qualifications are all in and counted, the show is still one that makes a cheerful evening. If not a prize show, like the other two by the same authors on the same block, it will almost surely attract happy, large crowds all summer. There is incidental amusement, and just the barest edge of excitement, even in the wrap-around plot and a lot of amusing backstage "business" about rehearsals and props and the goings-on of stage managers and their assistants, in and out of love. The action moves along at a brisk clip under the direction of George Abbott, and the dancing by a number of gifted and very handsome young performers is effective, both ensemble and individual.

A few of the large company stand out for one virtue or another. Isabel Bigley as Jeanie, the sweet, pretty understudy who inspires the nice assistant stage manager with marriage-type love and the tough electrician with murder-type passion, acts and sings her part well enough to give it genuine sparkle, something of a feat. Joan McCracken as Betty is fresh—both kinds—cute, hoydenish, and a first-rate dancer. A graduate of "Oklahoma," she adds a high gift of comedy to these useful qualities. Another comedian of talent is Ray Walston, the dictatorial stage manager and helpless victim of Miss McCracken's ardent, uninhibited pursuit.

Finally, if magic evaded the writers of book and score it attended the designing of the sets. Jo Mielziner staged "Me and Juliet" with lavish elegance, $300,000 worth, but he put in more than that. He added imagination and grace, humor, fantasy, and fragile, mysterious beauty, providing a background that lends radiance to the doings on stage—a most welcome contribution.

[*Harold Clurman,* The Nation's *regular theater critic, who is now in Tel Aviv, will give his impression of the Israeli theater in next week's issue.*]

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Records

B. H. Haggin

COLUMBIA offers a group of additional performances by Dinu Lipatti—of Mozart's Sonata K.310, Bach's Partita No. 1, and transcriptions of Bach pieces by Busoni, Hess, and Kempff. The first movement of the Mozart sonata can be played with more power; but it is convincing played with the lyricism, sensitiveness, and grace that one hears in these performances, the unfailing taste and feeling for continuity in phrase and structure, the unfailing precision of execution and beauty of tone (the tone of a superb Hamburg Steinway).

The Solomon performances of Beethoven's Sonatas Opp. 106 ("Hammerklavier") and 81a ("Les Adieux") issued by RCA Victor are an occasion to repeat what I said a few months ago: that if one can't endure Schnabel's occasional tempo too fast for clarity, his occasional fortissimo beyond the limit of agreeable sound, his occasional inaccuracy and confusion in difficult passagework, then one can have smoothly rounded perfection from Solomon; but that if one *can* endure those flaws in Schnabel's playing one gets in addition the sustained continuity and intensity and the dramatic power that Solomon doesn't offer. This time it must be said that the slovenliness and confusion in Schnabel's frenzied performances of the first and last movements of Op. 106 are almost too much to endure, and one listens with relief to what Solomon's saner tempo and his accuracy and clarity enable one to hear. But elsewhere in this work, and throughout Op. 81a, Schnabel's playing is unflawed, and he operates with powers in the shaping and articulating of music that Solomon doesn't possess, and with expressive effect that Solomon doesn't achieve. This is demonstrated not only by the two performances of the gigantic slow movement of Op. 106, but very strikingly by the two treatments of the Poco Andante passage just before the end of Op. 81a. Solomon's performances, it remains to add, are reproduced with unusually low volume.

I have managed to hear some noisy old Victor records which confirmed my recollection of Backhaus's performances of Chopin's Etudes twenty years ago as being fabulous in their speed, delicacy, and smoothness, and something for Victor to reissue in its Treasury of Immortal Performances. For I haven't heard their equal; and Backhaus himself doesn't equal them on the new London record of twelve of the pieces: it is saddening to hear in the Etude in thirds and some others how much his fingers have lost in speed, flexibility, sensitiveness, and evenness. A few of the pieces on the second side, including the exquisite Op. 25 No. 2 in F minor, come off better.

Hilde Somer's playing in Schubert's Piano Sonata Op. 143 is unfinished and inadequate; and as a result the superb work doesn't produce its effect. Mozart's Fantasia K.397 and some Strauss and Lanner waltzes are also on the Remington record.

The five Bach chorale preludes that are played well by Finn Videro on the organ at Soro, Denmark (Haydn Society) comprise "Vater unser im Himmelreich," "Nun Komm', der Heiden Heiland," and "Liebster Jesu, wir sind hier," which are very beautiful, the engaging "Von Gott will ich nicht lassen," and "Schmücke dich, o liebe Seele," one of the most beautiful of all. The Variations on "Sei gegrüsset, Jesu gütig" I find less interesting.

HAVING, a while ago, given the British an incorrect idea of American broadcasting, John Crosby has now given Americans an incorrect idea of British broadcasting. Or rather he has confirmed the incorrect idea that Americans have from what they have been told all these years. In a recent column from London Crosby wrote that "a small group of—let's face it—highbrows determine what the British shall and shall not see and hear. It is a tyranny of good taste which in many ways is as inherently dangerous as our own tyranny of the rating systems or popular demand." And this confirmed the idea Americans have that the highbrows who run the British Broadcasting Corporation allow the British public nothing but programs in Sanskrit.

Twenty-five or thirty years ago one might talk about inherent dangers; by now one must talk not about the inherent but about the actual. And actually—as Crosby was in a position to observe in London, and as anyone can discovet here by looking at the weekly programs in the files of the B. B. C.'s *Radio Times* in its New York office—there is no tyranny of the highbrow in England analogous to the tyranny of the lowbrow here. Only one of the B.B.C.'s three wavelengths carries the highbrow Third Program; the other two carry the Home Service and Light Program which satisfy the interests and tastes of the general public.

This is in accordance with the B.B.C.'s guiding principle, that it has an obligation, in the words of its former director general, Sir William Haley, to "provide for all classes of its listeners," and "in the course of the limited peak listening hours every evening to give some service to every possible taste." And the B.B.C. adhered to this principle even before the Third Program: when it had only two wavelengths it gave the highbrow an hour or two every evening, the rest of the time to the general public; and with a program of serious music on one wavelength for the highbrow there was always something for the general public on the other wavelength.

A lowbrow tyranny on the American networks that considered itself obligated "in the course of the limited peak listening hours every evening to give some service to every possible taste" including our own would be something we highbrows would be glad to settle for.

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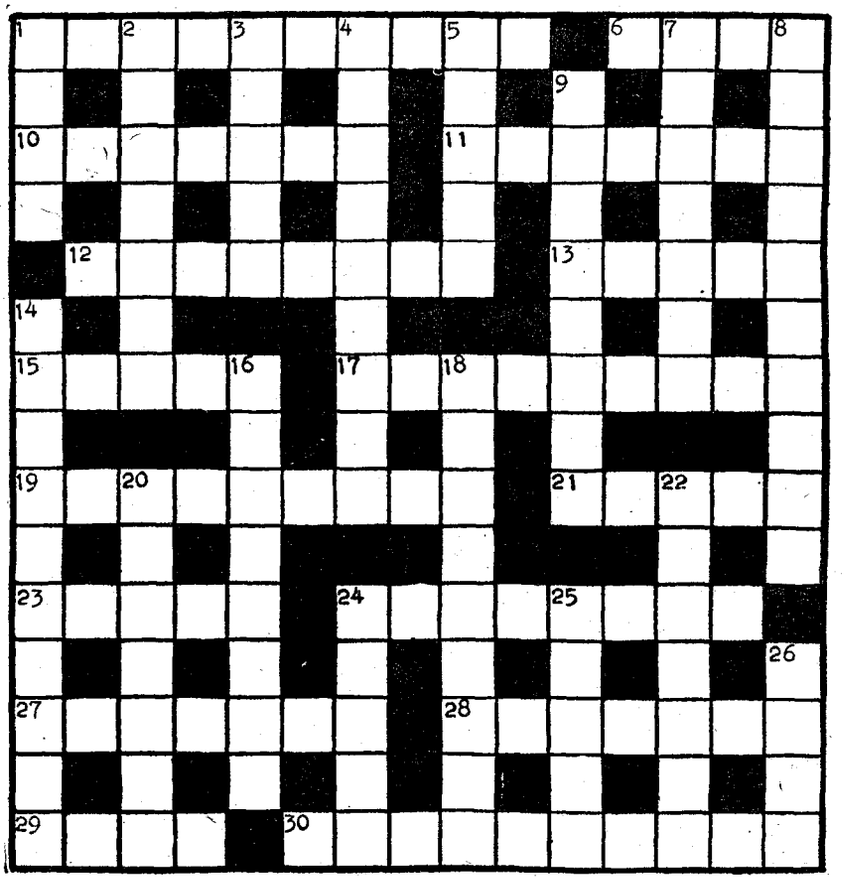

ACROSS

1 Bound to be direct, but not direct, to what is left, which you have to take first! (10)
6 See 3 down. (4)
10 Rides in part of an exclusive circle. (7)
11 Its construction is like down—widely separated. (7)
12 Civil manners are a most important part of course! (8)
13 If this goes up you might try it on the dog. (5)
15 Sounds like a wild animal in chains, but it's got a lot of 12. (5)
17 You can always find the door this way, if in disrepute. (2, 3, 4)
19 Puts together enclosures. (9)
21 Pomp put back with the head of 1 down. (5)
23 One pronunciation seems barely in the lists, perhaps. (5)
24 Her chair seems to be official. (8)
27 Military roller? (7)
28 What particular accountants do. (7)
29 Plug up the forward part. (4)
30 Should this win the semi-finals of the aquatic events? (4, 6)

DOWN

1 and 4. This should be a check on red renaissance, in a way. (13)
2 Units, as a form of hold up. (7)
3 Schumann's was 6. (5)
4 See 1 down.
5 See 20 down.
7 Written as spelled, sounding as charged. (7)
8 Nightmares to the politicians, no doubt! (4, 6)
9 They handle their own dispatches. (8)
14 Clubs represented by one club and one spade. (10)
16 This cost is absorbed by the people, perhaps. (8)
18 Bachelors respite, barely out of the background? (3–6)
20 and 5 down. American "vues" on the stage. (7, 5)
22 A place in New York mixed up on a sort of bridge. (7)
24 Chicken up an orange tree? (5)
25 Battle scene of the square, naturally (5)
26 Ibsen's character might be described as noble. (4)

~●~

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE No. 519

ACROSS:—1 CONTRIVE; 5 SPITED; 9 ARSENIC; 10 BALDRIC; 11 AIRSHIP; 12 LOTHAIR; 13 MURDER WILL OUT; 15 SHOESHINE BOYS; 21 OUTRAGE; 22 LE HAVRE; 23 TAPROOT; 24 VALLEYS; 25 ELDEST; 26 CLEANSED.

DOWN:—1 CRAVAT; 2 NOSTRUM; 3 RANCHER; 4 VICE-PRESIDENT; 6 PALATAL; 7 TORNADO; 8 DECORATE; 10 BELOW SEA LEVEL; 14 ASCOT TIE; 16 OCTOPOD; 17 SEASONS; 18 OPHELIA; 19 SOVIETS; 20 VERSED.

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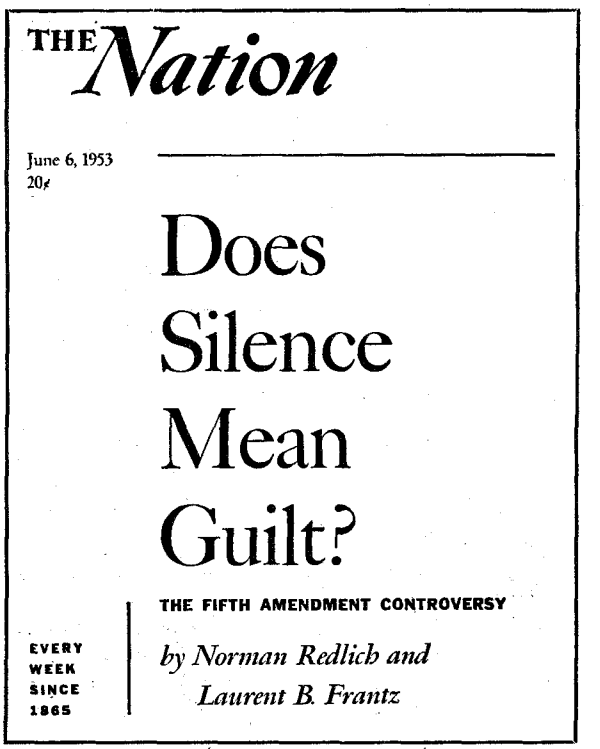

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